

STANZAS

Written on the perusal of a Letter from Scotland, which detailed deeply interesting particulars relative to the Decease of PETER MACINTOSH, Esq., Montreal; who Died at Greenock, on the 28th of December, 1832, in the XL year of his age.

THOU far travelled page—thine a bleak tale of sorrow,
And yet consolation beams through thy dark lines,
As the rich golden sunset, foretells a bright morrow,
As the rainbow's fair form, through the rude tempest shines.

MACINTOSH! could my harp but dispel its deep slumbers,
All its chords would awaken, to hallow thy name;
And soul-kindling words, wove in soft flowing numbers,
Would this heart's glowing gratitude, sweetly proclaim.

All language how feeble, to portray thy parting
With the spouse of thy bosom—thy fair infant race;
The breast quickly throbbing—the tender tear starting,
Seemed to whisper, oh! this is the last—last embrace.

And as wafted swift, o'er the dark wintry billow,
These the gems of thy heart, all thy deepest thoughts claim;
As the matin-hour rose—as prest nightly thy pillow,
Ascended the pure benediction for them.

Now Scotia's hills, tower majestic before thee;
What varied emotions, arise at the view?
Will thine own fragrant clime to bright vigor restore thee?
Can it breathe through life's fountain, health's heavenly dew?

Thine own native Bute, seems a cloud in the distance,
Yet beams, like those sweet summer-isles of the blest,
Where the African deems, beyond earth's brief existence,
From the white man afar, to find evermore rest.

Yes, *there* glow the scenes of thine early affection;
But as gazed the prophet, on Canaan's loved shore,
Like him thou beholdest, with joy and dejection,
As fated to bound over these scenes no more.

There stretch the field, thy fond boyhood strayed over,
Pursuing the gay butterfly and the bee,
And wandering the goldfinch's nest to discover,
Or tracing thy name on the sycamore tree.

Unthinking, that e'er so by bright hope excited,
In the noontide of life, thou would seek childhood's home,
To find every fond expectation—all blighted—
To seek blessed health—and to find but the tomb.

So the carrier-pigeon, his freedom regaining,
Afar to his dove-cot returns, to die there;
And the poor wounded deer, all his feeble strength straining,
Pants, his steps to retrace, to expire in his lair.

Mysterious heaven! how soon disunited,
Three golden links, from sweet brotherhood's chain;
As fades star on star, was hope after hope blighted,
Till now but a moiety only remains.

Life is war, in which all that is mortal engages;
See! on every side, how our dearest ones fall—
Life's an ocean, on which the deep tempest still rages,
Whose dark waves approach, to overwhelm us all.

Who can slumber on Etna, while trembles, earth under,
And the all-dreadful lava, its burning tide throws;
And, Great God! can we sleep while thou speakest in thunder,
Though thy mercies, have not shook our guilty repose.

In vain, gentle spouse, you await his returning—
Thou hast now no consort—death has thee unwed.
That breast with pure conjugal love, brightly burning—
Over him the cold turf, of the valley is spread.

In vain for their sire, thy sweet prattlers are pining,
No more in his loving embrace, shall they smile—
No more "climb his knees," or around his neck twining
With childhood's endearments, his cares all beguile.

Those pleasures domestic, he sweetly could relish,
Like the bright dews of morning, for ever are fled;
That mansion, it was his delight to embellish,
No more shall its chambers, resound to his tread.

The eastern breezes, will swell from the ocean,
And the same stately vessel, return o'er the main;
On the beach thou wilt view her, with chilling emotion,
For ah! does she bear thee, thy husband again?

Lady! in this bereavement all light woes are swallowed,
And transiently glide, as rain drops from the leaf;
But this in the depths of the heart will be hallowed,
When like down from the thistle fades all other grief.

When on thy lone pillow of dreams soft reclining,
Again you behold him all healthful and gay—
Thou awakest, and tears stain thy cheek, as repining
That night visions charm more, than the brightness of day.

And when at the throne of grace, kneeling beside them
To the God of the orphan, thy charge you commit;
From all snares to defend—through all dangers to guide them,
And their *now only* parent—for each duty to fit.

In his cell, see the maniac that foams in his madness,
And poor palsied age, on his crutch, yet alive.
See! the captive whose life is one long night of sadness,
And the doomed wretch, that yearns for the grave—still survive.

And behold, youth and splendor, fair honor and candor,
Whose hours glided soft, as an unruffled stream,
Surrender to an early grave, all their grandeur,
And live, but the bard and the moralist's theme.

Vain unconstant world—thy joys all how cheating,
We grasp for the rose—but are pierced with the thorn;
And thy purest and dearest possessions are fleeting,
As night dreams of wealth—to awake poor, forlorn.

Blest shade! what bleak feelings thy bosom was wringing
As human hope sunk, as strength hourly declined;
The bright loves and friendships around thy heart clinging,
Made life, oh! how precious, and blest to thy mind.

But religion! bright seraph, from heaven descending,
Shone o'er thy couch, and poured balm o'er thy heart;
And to Calvary, all thy affections commending,
Smoothed death's murky passage, and hallowed his dart.

Yet to Montreal, frequent, thy fleet fancy roaming
Saw thy loved mate, your sweet little cherubs unfold;
Ah! vainly, you cried, they await for my coming—
Nor consort, nor sire, shall they ever behold.

Thou fountain of Goodness—thou husband and father
Of the widow and fatherless—Oh! be their friend;
Though around me no more, shall this lovely group gather,
Through life be their shield, and save them at the end.

If the unbodied spirits permitted to hover
Round the favorite objects of former delight,
Oh! joyfully mine will these dear ones watch over,
Through the evils of day—'midst the perils of night.

May they live, long and blest—live beloved and unspotted;
May no blight chill my rose-buds, or *their* parent stem;
My last thought shall be, to the Saviour devoted—
The last thought but one, be devoted to them.

Haply, yet, my fair boys, when in manhood's prime glowing
May come this fair land of their father's to see,
May muse o'er my grave, and the filial tear flowing,
Pour a rich tide of feeling, all sacred to me.

Farewell, MACINTOSH—often fond recollection,
Will pleasingly, thy varied virtues recall;
Thine was the rich flame of fraternal affection—
Thine friendship's bright feeling, and social worth all.

It was thine, to be candid and generous hearted,
To disdain each ignoble—each falsely smooth art;
I respected thee living, lament thee departed,
And thy memory long, shall be dear to this heart.

How blest! that paternal love cherished thee, dying—
That thy soul was exhaled in a brother's embrace;
That beneath the church-yard, thy youth trod, thou art lying—
That your sacred dust mingles, with thy kindred race.

Thou like the river, with ocean's-wave blending,
Hast become blent with earth, never more to return;
And I like the weed on the stream, quick-descending,
Follow thee—oh! how swift, to the same common urn.

Yet, farewell—while a sigh to thine early fate giving,
Joy beams through our tears, as the sun through the shower,
Thine was honest, unsullied integrity—living,
And thine sweetest peace, at the dread-mortal hour.

AMICUS.

Plantaganet, March, 1833.

